Mother BUNCH's Closet
NEWLY BROKE OPEN;

CONTAINING

Rare Secrets of Art and Nature,

Tried and Experienced

By Learned PHILOSOPHERS,

And recommended to all ingenious

YOUNG MEN and MAIDENS:

Teaching them all, a certain way how to get good Wives and Husbands.

PART THE FIRST.

Cheney, Printer, Banbury.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Mother Bunch's Cabinet Broke Open.

READING over many ancient hiſto ries, it was my chance to meet with his ſtory of an old woman who lived in he weſt, who took delight in ſtudying er fortune: when ſhe found herſelf full wenty years old, ſhe thought her luck orſe than ſome who were married at fteen or ſixteen, which much troubled er mind; but to prevent all doubts ſhe ſolved to try a ſtory ſhe had often heard mother talk of, and finding it true, e reſolved to teach other maidens. On time this old Woman having newly

buried her Huſband was taking a walk in the fields for the benefit of the air, ſometimes thinking of the loſs of her huſbands, for ſhe had three yet a great deſire for the fourth. So it happened, as ſhe was walking alone, ſhe eſpied a young maid by a meadow ſide. Good morrow maid, ſaid the old woman, how do you do? are not you well? yes, mother, I am very well. but ſomewhat troubled in mind. What is it troubles you ſo much? if I can I will willingly relieve you. therefore be not aſhamed to tell the truth. Is it any thing of great concern? Indeed, mother, ſeeing you urge ſo much, I will tell you the truth: We are three Siſters, the youngeſt was married about a year ago, the middlemoſt laſt week, and I am the eldeſt, and no man heeds me. Well, daughter, if this be all, I believe I can aſſiſt thee, for when I was young, I was in the ſame condition, and with reading ſome Hiſtories, found out the art to know him that ſhould be my Huſband, which, if thou will keep thy councel, I am ready to teach thee. I will truly. And if you will do ſo much for me, I ſhall think

myſelf much obliged to you, and if my fortune proves right, I will make you amends.

Why then, I will tell you, in the firſt place you muſt obſerve *St. Agnes's* day, which is the 21ſt of January, and on that day let no man ſalute thee; and at night, before thou goeſt to bed, put on the beſt clean ſhift thou haſt, and when thou lieſt down, lay thy right hand under thy head, and ſay theſe words. Now the god of love ſend me my deſires, then go to ſleep as ſoon as poſſible, and you ſhall be ſure to dream of him who will be your huſband, and ſee him ſtand before you, and may take notice of him and his complexion; and if he offer to ſalute thee do not deny him, but ſhew him as much favour as thou canſt; but if he offers to be uncivil, be ſure hold your legs together. And now, daughter, the counſel I have given you be ſure to tell nobody; ſo fare you well till I ſee you again.

I give you thanks for your advice but one thing more I have to ſay, what is

your name? and where do you live? I will tell you, Daughter, my name is MOTHER BUNCH, and I live at a place called Bonadventure, *where*, if you come I will make you welcome.

Now MOTHER BUNCH having departed from the Maid, ſhe met another pretty Girl. Good-morrow, MOTHER BUNCH. Good morrow, pretty maid, whither are you going this morning? methinks you are very fine to-day. Fine, MOTHER BUNCH, you do but think ſo. Nay, I cannot diſcommend you; for ſuch a briſk maid as you, ſhould go handſome, or you'll never get a ſweetheart tho' you *think* the time long. No, no, MOTHER I am too young. How old are you? I am Eighteen. Eighteen! then I *know* thou thinkeſt thou haſt ſtayed long enough, and wouldeſt as willingly have a Huſband as another. *Aye* MOTHER BUNCH, but good Huſbands are hard to find, eſpecially for me, *who* have no ſkill in chuſing; or elſe it might be, I would be glad of a good Huſband. Be ſure take my advice; be *wiſe* in chuſing, that is to ſay, take no one that has got a

red head; for Be ſure he loveth a ſmock ſo well, that he will ſcarce let his Wife have a good one to her back; nor a yellow hair, as he is inclinable to be jealous: nor a black Man, for he is dogged. *Aye*, but MOTHER, if I muſt not have a yellow, black, nor red, what colour muſt I take? Why, Daughter, I tell you, if he is jealous, you will be forced by his ſpeeches to make it good, for how can a young woman forbear what ſhe is always told of? and be ſure if he is jealous of thee, thou may'ſt well be ſo of him: for Whores and Thieves think ill of each other. But hold a little, one thing more I have to ſay to you, and that is to *take* notice of thy Sweethearts, when they come a wooing to thee I mean of their civil behaviour; for if they ſwear, vow, and *make* great proteſtations, then have a care of thyſelf, for many words breed diſſimulation; therefore have a care of ſuch: But if a Man comes to thee that is ſober and civil behaved there are hopes of his proving a good man. Now, MOTHER. I will take my leave of you, giving you many thanks for your good advice; and ſo farewel, till I ſee you

again, and intend to take this councel.

Another time MOTHER BUNCH was in a little meadow, not far from her houſe on the 30th of April, before ſunriſing. A handſome maid ſeeing her alone, came to her and ſaid MOTHER BUNCH; good morrow, how do you do? pray what makes you abroad ſo early in the morning? you ſeem to be in a deep ſtudy. Daughter you ſay very true; I am ſtudying who ſhall be my next huſband; and if thou wilt but pleaſe to ſtay a little while, thou ſhalt ſee a pretty art which you never ſaw before to teach you how to know your ſweetheart That is a pretty art indeed, and I ſhould be glad to know it.

Hark, hark, daughter; is not yonder the cuckoo ſinging; yes, yes and I have not heard her ſing this year before now. Then, daughter, ſit down by me, but hold, are you faſting? Yes, but has no man kiſſed you? no, then ſit thee down by me. I think the cuckoo is mad; what a life ſhe leads, I think ſhe is a witch; but no matter; put off thy right ſhoe and ſtocking and let me look between thy great toe and the next Now, daughter, ſee, this hair is a long one; look well at it, and tell me what colour it is, I think it is really yellow The ſame colour will thy huſband's hair be. But, MOTHER BUNCH, I do not matter the colour ſo much as the condition. I will tell you his condition: he may prove ſurly enough, and perhaps make you do as you did not imagine. You muſt give him good words, and give him one good turn for another. but as to this, thou muſt keep it to thyſelf; it is an ill Bird that dirts its own neſt; kiſs and tell is foul play MOTHER BUNCH you make me ſmile, you talk ſo merrily. Come, daughter it is no great matter, merry talk does no harm, but drives the

time away; but as for the deed doing, I leave that to yourſelf. But hark! Daughter, I have had three Huſbands myſelf, and I think to have another: and do you think I am ſo mad to tell him all I do? Then, my daughter, I have another way to tell you who muſt be your huſband, I have proved it true; and it is the beſt time of the year to try it, therefore, obſerve *St. Thomas's* Onion, pare it, and lay it on a clean handkerchief under your pillow; put on a clean ſhift, and as you lay down lay your arms abroad, and ſay theſe words,—

Good St Thomas do me right,
And bring my Love to me this Night,
That I may view him in the Face
And in my Arms may him embrace.

Then lying on thy back with thy arms abroad, go to ſleep as ſoon as you can, and in your firſt ſleep you ſhall dream of him who is to be your huſband; and he will come and offer to kiſs you do not hinder him but catch him in thy arms, and ſtrive to hold him for that is he. This I have tried, and it has proved

true. Yet I have another pretty way for a maid to know her ſweetheart, which is as follows: Take a ſummer apple, of the beſt fruit, ſtick pins cloſe into the apple to the head and as you ſtick them, take notice which of them is the middlemoſt, and give it what name you fancy; put it into thy left hand glove, and lay it under thy pillow on Saturday night, after thou getteſt into bed. then claſp thy hands together, and ſay theſe words;—

If thou be he, that muſt have me,
To be my wedded bride,
Make no delay, but come away,
This night to my bed ſide.

And in thy ſleep thou ſhalt ſee him coming in his ſhirt, and if he offer thee any abuſe he will be great with another woman; but if he puts his hand over thee, be not afraid for it is a ſign he'l prove a good huſband: that this is a good way for a young man to know his Sweetheart, laying the middlemoſt pin to the name he fancies beſt putting an apple in his right hand Glove, and laying it under his pillow, when he is in bed, ſaying

If thou be ſhe, that muſt have me,
In wedlock for to join;
Make no delay, but come away,
Unto this bed of mine.

And that night he may ſee her, as if ſhe came in her Shift and Petticoat, which is a ſign ſhe will prove a civil woman, but if ſhe comes with her Shift only, ſhe will prove a Ranter, ſo better loſt than found. And now, Daughter, the time paſſes away and I muſt be gone, and ſo bid you farewell. MOTHER BUNCH, I give you many thanks for your good councel, and intend to take your advice.

Once upon a time MOTHER BUNCH being at a wedding, where young men and maidens where met who had a mind for ſome diſcourſe with her a young man ſaid MOTHER BUNCH we know you are a woman who has judgement in many things; I pray tell my fortune, I cannot tell fortunes, ſaid ſhe. but thou blinkeſt too much with one eye, to be

true to one woman Aye but MOTHER ſays another. what think you of me Thou may eſt come to marry a lady, if thou can't but lay a great wager with her. three to one; and if ſhe lays with thee, thou wilt be very likely to win; ſo thou haſt mettle in thee; but have a care ſhe win not the odds if ſhe does, thou art clean gone; ſo farewel

Now MOTHER BUNCH took her leave; and going home, ſhe met a maid going to a wedding How do you do, MOTHER? I thank you, daughter; whither are you going? To the wedding I believe; but hark you MOTHER will you ſit down a little, I have ſomething to ſay to you What is it, Daughter? When ſhall I be married; would you fain be married; yes MOTHER, if I could get a good huſband Then daughter. I will tell you the beſt I can, if you will take my advice. In the month of January are many dangerous days for thee to take notice of, there are the firſt, ſecond third fourth, and fifth; there are a great many more; but if thou marrieſt on theſe days thy huſband will cuckold thee, for thou wilt make him

one, or elſe you will ſoon be parted by one means or other? but for all there be ſo many bad days in this month I can tell of one day which is lucky; and many young men and maids have a deal of heart's eaſe on that day, or the day after, as I ſhall let you underſtand; it is the 21ſt, called *St. Agnes's* day. This *St. Agnes* has a great favour for young men and maids and will bring to their bedſides their Sweethearts if they follow my rules: Upon this Day, you muſt be ſure to keep faſt, and neither eat nor drink all that Day, nor at Night, neither let Man, Woman or Child kiſs thee on that Day; and thou muſt be ſure, when thou goeſt to bed to put on a clean Shift, and the beſt thou haſt, and clean clothes on thy bed; for *St Agnes* loves to ſee all clean when ſhe comes; when thou lieſt down, lie as ſtrait as thou canſt, and lay thy hands under thy head and ſay,—

Now, St Agnes, play thy part,
And ſend to me my own ſweetheart;
And ſhew me ſuch a happy bliſs,
This night of him to have a kiſs.

And be ſure fall aſleep as ſoon as you can, and before you awake out of your firſt ſleep you ſhall ſee him come before you and ſhall perceive by his habit what tradeſman he is; and be ſure thou declare not thy dream unto any one in ten days; and by that time thou mayeſt ſee thy dream comes to paſs All this I have proved three times: for I have had three huſbands and they all proved tradeſmen; the firſt was a ſtraw-joiner, the ſecond a louſe-trap maker, and the third a gentle craft; and he came to me with his awl in his hand, and would needs prick me aye and did prick, but did not hurt me; and ſo I waked out of my dream, and was never the worſe, but I thought the time long till he came again, as all maids do that deſire to be married I know ſome maids would have a Huſband with the beſt conditions, and endowed with the beſt qualifications; nay, they would have impoſſibilities; but I am afraid they will make good the old Proverb, that ſays,—

If you will not when you may,
When you will, you ſhall have nay.

Therefore take my advice. if a young man comes to you of a civil carriage and you think you can love him be no cornful to him but give him a civil entertainment according to his behaviour; but be ſure hold your legs together, till the authority is ſigned, when you may do as you like.

And as to young men, my advice is, they be wary in their choice ſince there is as much danger in chuſing of a Wife, as a Huſband: wherefore all young men take my advice; chuſe not one with a long noſe a ſcolding brow, and thin lips; for in ſuch there is great danger; he who is ty'd to a ſcold is ty'd to ſorrow; chuſe not one who is counted a ſlut for if ſhe be a ſlut, ſhe is idle alſo, and theſe two companions will bring thee to poverty; nay, beſides this, the old ſaying is, a ſlut will poiſon the gut and if you can't eat with her, you won't lie with her, and you muſt have a bed-fellow ſomewhere.

But this is the beſt way of chuſing a Wife: Take one for love, not for riches,

which fly away; for true love never varies; and where that is; the bleſſing of God is. If you deſire to live a long life, be not overfond of riches, but chuſe a civil handſome maid; who is not given to pride; ſuch a maid may make a fine Wife: but ſhe that brings a handſome fortune, will be always throwing it in your teeth, which often occaſions great diſturbance; therefore let this ſuffice, for thoſe who deſire to get good wives; and take notice of what I have already ſaid, and you may fare the better.

And as for young maids this is my advice, if they will not try *St. Agnes*, let them be ſure to chuſe a clever man who is able to do his work; for if he cannot get a comfortable living with your endeavors alſo, it is likely will breed great diſſention.

Thus endeth MOTHER BUNCH's advice to all young men and maids, wiſhing happy *Luck* and *Fortune* to them all. *And now* rather than you ſhould think you have not enough for your Money, the author has added *two* merry ſongs.

SONG.

YOUNG Men and Batchelors all,
Take notice of what I ſay;
The ſtrongeſt man may catch a fall,
If with Venus he doth play.

It is nothing to woo a maid,
If you can pleaſe her withal;
But yet he ſoon may be betrav'd,
If ſhe chance but backward to fall.

Young Cupid's a pretty Boy,
And Venus his mother loves ſport,
And young men delight for to toy,
With pretty toys at Court.

The Ploughman he loves Joan,
Betty, Mary, and lovely Nan;
And he with a merry tone
Can pleaſe them every one.

But Joan loves Jarvis the Joiner,
And Betty with Martin c n bill,
And Mar, loves G-org e the G old-finder,
And Nan loves George of the Mill;

Tom Tinker loves Kate and her Kettle,
And Kate thinks him her beſt Friend,
Becauſe he's a Man of good mettle,
Concluding; my ditty doth end.

SONG II.

YOUNG Sandy once a wooing came,
And fondly ſtriv'd to gain my heart,
He ſigh'd whene'er he own'd his flame,
But ſoon I gueſs'd his wily art,
Tho' like a lad in tartan plaid,
Should ca' blythe and bonny O,
They try in vain my heart to gain,
So dearly I love Johnny O.

Tho' Johnny cannot boaſt of wealth,
Contentment crowns his lovely ſtate,
His roſy cheeks denote ſweet health,
And goodneſs makes the laddie great;
In Aberdeen there ne'er was ſeen,
A youth ſo blythe and bonny O,
His flattering tale can a' prevail,
So dearly I love Johnny O.

The other morn upon the bent,
I met my lad ſo briſk and gay,
He vow'd unleſs I'd give conſent,
He'd over the hills and far away,
As home we ſtray'd his pipe he play'd,
And ſung ſo ſweet and bonny O,
I made a vow to buckle too,
So dearly I love my Johnny O.

NOW for thoſe poor young Creatures that pined themſelves to death, and neglected the cure, the worſt of pretenders to Phyſiognomy might preſcribe them a

remedy; and all thoſe of what conſtitution ſoever, that have langu ſhed in ſingle ſheets till ſixteen; I will ſhew you how you ſhall ſee the perſon that is to eaſe you of your maiden-head, collected from Trilmegiſtus and Cornelius Agrippa

On Midſummer Eve three or four of you muſt dip your Shifts in fair water then turn them wrong ſide outwards, and hang them on chairs before the fire, and lay ſome ſalt in another chair, and ſpeak not a word In a ſhort time the likeneſs of him you are to marry will come and turn your Smocks, and drink to you; but if there be any of you will not marry, they will hear a Bell, but not the reſt.

Another Way, quickly tried.

Take Hemp Seed, and go into what place you will by yourſelf, carry the ſeed in your apron, and with your right hand throw it over your ſhoulder, ſaying,

Hemp-ſeed I ſow, hemp-ſeed I ſow,
And he that muſt be my true love,
Come after me and mow.

And at the ninth time expect to see the figure of him you are to wed, or else hear a bell, as before.

Yet though you hear the sad dismal bell,
It is your fault if you lead apes in h--l.

Another Way.

You that dare venture into a Church-yard, just as it strikes Twelve at Night. Take a naked Sword in your Hand, and go nine times about the Church, saying **here's the Sword, but where's the Scabbard?** *which continue the whole time you go round; and the ninth time the Person you are to Marry, will meet you with the Scabbard, and so kiss you; if not, a bell as before.*

Another, called the Dutch Cake.

Three, four, or more of you must make a Cake of Flour and Salt (no matter of what Colour) and some of each of your own Water; make your Cake broad, and each of you make the two first Letters of your Name with a Pin, but leave such distance that it may be cut out;

then ſet it before the Fire, but ſpeak not one Word Turn it each of you once: and the Perſon to be your Huſband will cut out your Name; then the next, unto the laſt.

Another Way.

The firſt Change of the New Moon in the New Year, the firſt time you ſee it, hold your Hands acroſs, ſaying this three times.

New moon, new moon, I pray thee,
Tell me this night who my true love will be.

Then go to bed, without ſpeaking a word, and you will certainly dream of the Perſon you'll marry.

Another Way experienced often.

Young Men and Maids may take ſome Roſemary Flowers, Bay Leaves, a little Thyme, Sweet Marjoram, and Southernwood; make theſe into Powder, and with Barley Flour, make a Cake, but do not bake it. Lay this under your Head any Friday Night; and if you dream of Muſic, you'll wed thoſe you deſire in a

ſhort time; if of the Sea or Ships, you'll travel firſt; if of a Church, you muſt be contented to die ſingle.

Now Mother Bunch's ſtore's exhauſt,
She ſits her down to ſpin;
There ſtudies how ſhe ſoon may make
Her ſecond part begin.

Which now is finiſh'd and ſold,
Where you have had the Firſt:
'Twill make you wiſe, alſo to laugh,
Until your ſides do burſt.

10 JU 52

FINIS.

Cheney, Printer, High-Street, Banbury.

By whom Country Dealers, &c. may be ſupplied with a good Aſſortment of Hiſtories, Godly Books, Patters, Children's Books, Collections, Songs, Old Sheet Ballads, &c. &c. on the loweſt terms.

Mother BUNCH's Closet

AGAIN BROKE OPEN!

CONTAINING,

Rare Secrets of Nature and Art,

Tried and Experienced

By LEARNED PHILOSOPHERS;

And Recommended to all Ingenious

YOUNG MEN and MAIDENS:

Teaching them all, a certain way how to get good Wives and Husbands.

By our loving Friend Poor Will, for the King, a Lover of Mirth, but a Hater of Treason.

PART THE SECOND.

Cheney, Printer, Banbury.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

Golden Cabinet broke open.

YOUNG maidens and bachelors, hither come flock,
Mother Bunch has once more broke open her ſtock;
Such a ſtock as was never broke open before,
Of rare curioſities, here's ſuch a ſtore, [get,
That will teach you good huſbands and wives how to
And to uſe them with kindneſs & not make them fret,
It will teach them to give to wives their juſt due,
And teach wives to prove to their huſbands ſtill true;
Or if either ſhould ſlip, it will teach them a way
How each party ſtill may be merry and gay;
It teaches maids, bachelors, huſbands, and wives,
How they may be happy each day of their lives.

THE

INTRODUCTION.

One Michælmas Day old Mother Bunch ſitting upon the bank of a river, adjoining to a neighbouring grove, ſhe beheld the late flouriſhing branches in their decay, whoſe leaves were falling to the earth. From this, ſhe began to conſider ſeriouſly of her

own mortality; and ſince old Time had hurried on the winter of her age, which had covered her head with grey locks, ſhe might expect 'ere long to fall, like the leaves, to earth; therefore ſhe reſolved, (in as much as ſhe had always been a kind friend to young men and maids,) that ſhe would leave a teſtimony of her love before ſhe left the world; ſince her painful ſtudy and ſtrict obſervations had made a large improvement in her ſtock of knowledge, ſhe would not have it buried in the grave with her, but leave it to poſterity, for the benefit of young men and maids, whereby they may learn to underſtand their good and bad fortunes, and, by the direction of this book, be furniſhed with many ſecret rarities never publiſhed to the world.

Accordingly, the next day, ſhe wrote letters of invitation to the young men and maids to repair to her houſe on St.

Luke's day; the maids ſhe appointed to come in the morning, to be firſt inſtructed, for theſe two reaſons;—as ſhe was a woman, ſhe would teach the young women firſt, leſt the bachelors, ſhould be too ſevere on them;

the ſecond was, it being Horn Fair Day, many of the bachelors would be employed in the morning in handling old citizens wives to the fair, and in the afternoon they might be at liberty. This was the determination of old Mother Bunch.

THE

SECOND PART

OF

MOTHER BUNCH.

NOW against the day appointed Mother Bunch decked her house and getting up very early that morning she placed herself in the closet where her treasure lay. Now the first that entered the room was Margery Loveman, a maister's

maid, who, with a low courteſy, ſaid, Good Morrow, Mother Bunch, I am come to partake of your bounty, for I hear you have a ſecond time opened your Golden Cloſet of Curioſities.

Yes daughter ſaid ſhe, ſo I have, and thou ſhalt partake of it. Here are infallible rules and directions in all manner of love intrigues, that you may know what ſort of a man you'll marry, and whether he will prove loving or no Dear Mother, theſe are things I would know; for, believe me, out of all my ſweethearts I would willingly chuſe the beſt. It is true, I have one hundred & fifty pounds, the noiſe of which, has brought many

ſweethearts, and that I would willingly know which comes from pure love, and which for the lucre of money.

Daughter, ſaid ſhe, here is an experiment, if you will but try it, it will make a full diſcovery of the reality of their love. Let a report be ſpread that you are robbed of all you have in the world; if, after this there is any one continues his love as before, you may be ſure he is faithful; but be ſure to keep this counſel to yourſelf, that the myſtery may not be diſcovered.

I will take care of that, dear Mother, quoth Margery, and I heartily thank you for this kind advice; ſo good morrow, for I muſt needs go.

Good morrow, daughter, ſhe reply'd,
Young men are falſe and muſt be tried.

She was no ſooner gone, but in came Miſs Suſan, a young ſeamſtreſs from Saliſbury, who entered wringing her hands. —How now, quoth ſhe, what's the matter daughter, you take on at this rate?—

Alas, Mother Bunch quoth Sufan. my, my my,——What's the matter?—Why my ſorrow is more than I am able to be r; for Mother dear Frank the fidler and I are fallen out and he ſwears he will not have me.—Come, daughter quoth ſhe, be of good cheer. I'll put you in a way to ſee whether he's angry or no. She that's afraid of the graſs muſt never p—s in a meadow. One ſwallow will never make a ſummer, nor one woodcock a winter.

Let your angry lover alone for a ſeaſon,
And he'll come to himſelf if he's got any reaſon.

For I know fond love is a punny darling and wants humouring therefore let him alone; in time he'll forget his anger, and return to thee again, if he has any principle of good nature or loyal love in him; and if not, you had better be without him, than for your lifetime to be tied to a four apprentice. Remember the old proverb;

Set thy ſtool in the ſun,
If an knave goes, an honeſt man may come.

I hope you have not played the wanton with him No Mother but he would fain have played a leſſon on my lute the other market day, but I had more grace than to let him Sayeſt thou ſo daughter?—Why, I tell thee he did it to try thee and ſince he finds that you withſtood him he'll never leave you Well, dear Mother, ſhe ſaid your words are comfortable to me and when I find the good effects, I'll return and give you an account; and now Mother, farewel.

Right happy, daughter, may you be
In guarding of your virginity.

The next which entered the room, was Margarate the miller's maid who after making a low courteſy, and giving Mother Bunch the time of day deſired to know for what reaſon ſhe ſent her a letter. Why ſaid the old woman, to the end that I might reveal to you ſome ſecrets, that are both relative and conductive to love, which I have never yet diſcovered to the world But Mother ſaid Margaret, I am a meer ſtranger to love, for I never knew what it meant? That may

be, quoth ſhe, yet you know not how ſoon you may receive the arrows of Cupid, and then you'll be glad of ſome of my advice; for I know the beſt of you deſires to live with a man; and I'll appeal to you if you would not be glad of a husband? Mother quoth Margaret, you come too cloſe to the matter, and if I may ſpeak my mind, I'd willingly embrace ſuch a one; for although marriage is chargeable, yet marriage is honorable. Thou ſayeſt well daughter quoth Mother Bunch, and if thou haſt a mind to ſee the man, follow my directions and thou ſhalt not fail. Let me ſee, this is St. Luke's day, which I have found by long experience, to be fitter for this purpoſe than St. Agnes', and the ingredients more excellent. Take marrygold flowers, a ſprig of marjoram, thyme, and a little wormwood; dry them before a fire, rub them to powder, then ſift it through a fine piece of lawn, and ſimmer theſe, with a ſmall quantity of virgin honey, and white-wine vinegar, over a ſlow fire; with this anoint your ſtomach, breaſt, and lips, when lying down, then repeat theſe words thrice:

St. Luke, St. Luke, be kind to me,
In dreams let me my true-love ſee.

This ſaid, haſten to ſleep, and in the ſoft ſlumber of your night's repoſe, the very man whom you ſhall marry will appear before you, walking to and fro near your bedſide, very plain and viſible to be ſeen You ſhall perfectly behold his visage, ſtature and deportment; and if he be one that will prove a loving huſband, he will approach you with a ſmile, which if he does, do not ſeem to be over-fond, or peeviſh, but receive the ſame with a mild and modeſt bluſh. But if he be one who after marriage will forſake thy bed, to wander after ſtrange women, he will offer to be rude and uncivil with thee. Theſe are rarities I have never before divulged, and will prove of advantage. I muſt thank you for all your love, quoth Margaret, and ſo farewell, good Mother Bunch. Good bye, dear daughter, and ſhe immediately replied.

Let joy and pleaſure crown your days,
And a kind man your fortune raiſe.

Next came in Kate, the clothworker's daughter; Doll, the dairy-maid; Joan, Bridget, Nancy, Phillis &c. in all about forty together, who almoſt filed the room each of them crying Dear Mother Bunch, remember me; O, Mother, remember me &c that they made the old woman deaf with their great noiſe

My dear daughters, quoth the old dame, ſit you down and be quiet, and you ſhall partake of my benediction. Now daughters, I'll ſit in the midſt of you, and read you a lecture meaning to give you a large account of ſome extraordinary occurrences here in my cloſet newly broken open, declaring it as my opinion, that the things which are profitable for one maid are ſo for another.

Firſt, if any one here deſires to know the name of the man whom they ſhall marry let her who deſires this ſeek for a green peas cod in which there are full nine peas; which done either write or cauſe to be written, on a ſmall ſlip of paper, theſe words;

Come in, my dear, and do not fear.

Which writing you muſt encloſe within the aforeſaid peas-cod, and lay it under the door. Then mind the next perſon who comes in, for you'll certainly marry one of the ſame name.

Secondly, She who deſires to be ſatisfied whether ſhe ſhall enjoy the man deſired, or not let her take two lemon peels in the morning, and wear them all day under her arm pits; then at night let her rub the four poſts of the bed with them; which done in your ſleep he will ſeem to come and preſent you with a couple of lemons; but if not there is no hope.

Thirdly, She who deſires to know to what manner of fortune ſhe ſhall be married, if a gentleman, a tradeſman, or a traveller, the experiment is this; take a walnut, a hazze nut, and a nutmeg, graie them and mix them up with butter and ſugar into pills which muſt be taken at lying down, and then if her fortune be to marry a gentleman, her ſleep will be filled with golden dreams; if a tradeſman, odd noiſes and tumults; if a traveller, then will thunder & lightning diſturb her.

Fourthly, St. Agnes' day I have not yet

wholly blotted out of my book; but I have found a more exact way of trial than before. You need not abſtain from kiſſes, nor be forced to keep faſt from the glance of a lover in the night. If you can but riſe to be at the church door between the hours of twelve and one in the morning, then put the fore finger of your right hand into the key-hole, and then repeat the following words thrice;

O ſweet St Agnes now draw near,
And with my true-love now appear.

Then will he preſently approach with a ſmiling countenance.

Fifthly, my daughters, know ye the 14, of February is Valentine's day, at which time the fowls of the air begin to couple; and the young men and maids are chuſing their matches. Now, that you may with ſpeed take this approved direction, take five bay leaves, lay one under every corner of your pillow, and the fifth in the middle; then lying down to reſt, repeat thoſe lines ſeven time over,—

Sweet Guardian Angels, let me have
What I moſt earneſtly do crave,
A Valentine endow'd with love,
That will both kind and conſtant prove.

Then to your content you'll either have the Valentine you deſire, or one more excellent.

Sixthly, the old experiment of the Midſummer ſmock found out in a much better method than before by my ſublime and painful ſtudy in philoſophy. And now my daughters, ſaid ſhe it is thus; let ſeven of you go together on Midſummer Eve, juſt at ſun ſet, into a ſlight grove and gather every one of you a ſprig of red ſage and turn into a private room with a ſtool in the middle; each one having a clean ſmock, turned wrong ſide outwards, hanging on a line acroſs the room; and let every one lay their ſprig of red ſage in a clean baſon of roſe water, ſet on the ſtool; which done, place yourſelves on a row, and continue till twelve or one o'clock, ſaying nothing, be what it will you ſee; for after midnight each one's ſweetheart or huſband

that ſhall be, ſhall take each maid's ſprig out of the roſe-water and ſprinkle his love's ſhift; and thoſe who are ſo unfortunate as never to be married, their ſprigs will not be moved, but in lieu of that, ſobs and ſighs will be heard. This has been often tried, and it never failed of its effects.

Theſe things I have found out of late,
To make young lovers fortunate.

And now, my dear daughters, I have but a word or two more to ſay at preſent, and that by way of caution.

In the twelve months I find but thirty-one days unlucky, ſo, as you tender your own happineſs, take care you marry not on thoſe days; for your better inſtruction I will ſet down thoſe days for you.

In January, four—7th 14th 17th & 18th
In February, two—the 5th and 10th
In March three—the 9th 19th and 21ſt
In April two—the 6th and 7th
In May, two—the 4th and 18th

In June, three—the 7th 9th and 10th
In July, two—the 6th and 7th
In August two—the 11th and 16th
In September, three—the 2d, 3d and 4th
In October, three—the 4th, 14th & 15th
In November, two—the 15th and 24th
In December, three—the 5th, 8th and 9th

Observe my rules of all these days,
And then you will your fortunes raise.

This said, old Mother Buuch gave them a cup of her cordial water, and then dismissed them, the young damsels returning their hearty thanks for her kind and motherly advice.

DAME BUNCH's INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG MEN.

AFTER Mother Bunch had dined, the young men came; as Tom the miller, Ralph the thatcher, & Robin the ploughman, with many others of different trades and callings, whom Mother Bunch invited to ſit down, that ſo ſhe might the better deliver her ſalutary counſel to them.

At firſt ſhe begins with Tom the miller, ſaying Ah, Tom! thou art a ſad fellow, there's not a maid coming to the mill but you will be bobbing upon their aprons; but take my word for it, if you don't leave

off you'll be ruined. What woman will have ſuch a one? ſhe may juſtly conclude you will be caterwauling ſtill. You know what I mean, Tom —Yes, Mother, but ſure you do not take me for ſuch a one.— Yes, Tom I do and am but ſeldom miſtaken. It is you millers that fill the country with cracked maidenheads, ſo that the honeſt huſbandman, already finds the ground tilled up. But, farewel, I will have nothing to do with ſuch as you.

Then turning to Ralph, the thatcher, ſhe ſaid, I find you are deſirous of a wife and your ambition is ſuch ſhe muſt be rich, young, and beautiful. So you can't be content with honeſt Joan, to whom you promiſed marriage, but muſt change her for finican madam; but I can tell you, ſhe won't ſtand pickling of ſtraws with you, her face will find many friends in a corner, and ſo you may chance to be a cuckold, and indeed but juſtly ſerved in your kind; and therefore I pray you to return to your old lover, for ſhe is an honeſt girl, and much fitter for you than ſuch a butterfly as you have lately followed.

Then ſhe ſtretched forth her hand to Robin the ploughman, ſaying, thou art an honeſt fellow, and good luck will attend thee; I don't mean bags of gold, nor heaps of ſilver, but thou ſhalt have an induſtrious wife, one who will be willing to labour, a true and faithful yoke-mate, who will be a cheerful partner in thy weal or woe to ſupport thee under thy troubles, as the poet ſays,

The burden may be borne by two with care.
Which is, perhaps, too much for one to bear.

Honeſt Robin, this is thy fortune; and as thou art a downright man, I'm glad to find it ſo.

Thus Mother Bunch went round the room,
And told them what would be their doom,
If they her daughters did betray,
And ſteal their maidenheads away,
Each ſhould be puniſh'd with a bride,
By whom, they ſhould be hornified;

But, if they were right honeſt men,
They ſhould have happy fortunes then.
This ſaid, ſhe did her bleſſing give,
In love and happineſs to live.
Which, when they did the ſame receive
Of Mother Bunch, they took their leave,
Declaring ſhe had told them more
Than e'er they underſtood before.

t all her art, at length, could not her ſave
om Death's dire ſtroke, and mould'ring in
the grave.

MOTHER BUNCH's FUNERAL.

Come mourn with me, you lovers all,
Since Mother Bunch is dead,
Who labor'd hard both night and day
To get you married.
And if you follow with her rules,
And all her maxims try,
Although her body turns to duſt,
Her fame ſhall never die.

10 JU 52

Cheney, Printer, Banbury.